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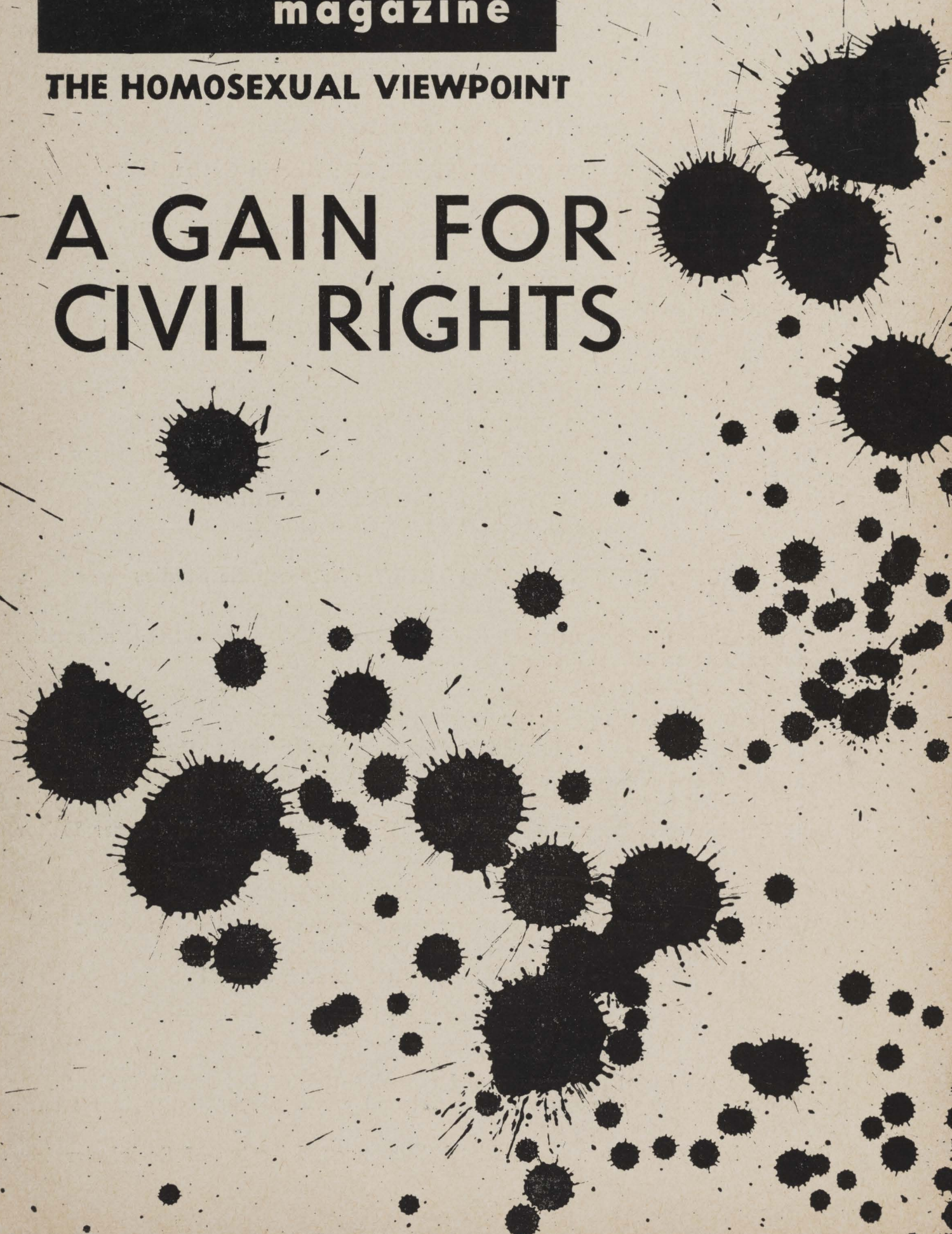
magazine

14TH YEAR

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

A GAIN FOR CIVIL RIGHTS



ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

A non-profit corporation chartered by the State of California May 27, 1953. Its Voting Members elect the directors to direct the affairs of the Corporation. Elected to serve until the 1966 Annual Meeting are:

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Monwell Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer

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" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XIV

Number 1

January 1966

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EDITORIAL

Civil rights for homosexuals have always been one of the main goals of ONE. To this fundamental commitment ONE from the very first dedicated its public information program. To carry out this program all public relations media have been used which seemed suitable.

First among these have been ONE's own publications. The inaugural issue of ONE Magazine (January, 1953) in quoting Carlyle's "a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one" thereby spelled out in the most precise terms its belief that what is for one must equally be for all; that genuine brotherhood can exist on no other basis.

The same Magazine issue featured an article describing the German-based "World Federation for the Rights of Man;" also articles applicable to civil rights questions: by psychiatrist Dr. Karl M. Bowman; "To Be Accused Is To Be Guilty," by Dale Jennings; news items citing unequal treatment before the law for homosexuals and heterosexuals; a description of the civil rights activities of the Mattachine Society and Foundation; a scholarly discussion of the law of entrapment; numerous letters from persons disturbed by the legal inequities which so often confront homosexuals.

Students of The Homophile Movement will find that in over four thousand pages of the one hundred and forty-seven issues of ONE Magazine which have preceded this present issue (first of the Magazine's fourteenth volume); the ninety-five issues of the Corporation Newsletter, ONE Confidential, and twenty of ONE Institute Quarterly, that the question of civil rights has been treated in an endlessly varied number of ways. There have been editorials, articles, protest poems and fiction. Even drawings have contributed to the unwavering light thrown by ONE upon violations of human rights so commonly imposed upon homosexual men and women. Most important of all, several hundred thousand persons have seen and read these many pages.

An organization thirty years senior to ONE in its dedication to individual freedoms is the American Civil Liberties Union. Its vigorous attacks upon injustices in violation of civil liberties have brought it high praise from those who hold that the Constitution of these United States has meanings applicable to judges, police officials and other public persons, and quite equally so to the underprivileged and to members of minority groups.

ONE's Midwinter Institute in 1957 heard a valuable talk by an ACLU attorney, Mr. J. B. Tietz, later published (April, 1957) in these pages. The Midwinter Sessions in 1960 included a talk by ACLU Southern California Chapter's Executive Secretary, Dr. Eason Monroe, on "Civil Liberties and a Free Society." On December 5, 1965, Dr. Vern Bullough spoke on ONE's Institute Lecture Series, discussing the policy which is described below.

The woeful history of society's cruelly inept ways of dealing with both conventional and unconventional sexual acts is too well-known to require mention here. The need for new approaches to these matters has been attracting the attention of the churches, courts, psychiatrists and

others for many years. Therefore it was only natural that the ACLU should have found itself impelled to give its own attention to the civil liberties aspects of sexual behavior.

The Southern California Chapter (with largest ACLU membership in the country) early in 1965 set up a "Committee on Sex and Civil Liberties" to make a study and submit a report for possible adoption into Southern California ACLU policy. Reports of this Committee's meetings and of its deliberations and of ONE's participation have previously been published in ONE Confidential (June & December, 1965) so need not be given in detail again.

The important point is that the Report finally was submitted, as ably edited by Committee Chairman Dr. Vern L. Bullough, and that on December 14, 1965, it was adopted as official policy of the country's largest ACLU Chapter. Immediately following adoption this Chapter entered actively into defense of a case referred to it by ONE's Social Service Division, that of a school teacher accused of a homosexual charge, who had been acquitted of it, yet faced loss of his credential as a teacher in the State of California.

Whatever the outcome of this particular case ONE is both grateful and proud to have played a significant and active part in this particular battle for the civil rights of homosexuals, a battle in which ever since 1952 it has continuously been active in so many ways.

Yet, important as is this present step forward and great as may be its usefulness to The Homophile Movement's progress, neither can ONE nor should any individual overlook the grim fact that there will be other battles to come, and harder ones, before the social and civil equality of homophile men and women becomes a living reality in American society.

Board of Directors ONE, Incorporated
W. Dorr Legg, Chairman
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SCHULLMAN, SELWYN, GALAS & COYLE
Law Offices, 3600 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90005

One Incorporated
2256 Venice Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90006
Gentlemen:

I have received information that the American Civil Liberties Union has taken interest in the case of Mr. (name with-held).

I have been attempting for some years to interest ACLU in the cause of sexual equality and the right of individuals to conduct themselves in whatever manner they wish in the privacy of their own homes as long as neither force or minors are involved.

I wish to thank you for referring Mr. --- to me and hope that the ACLU will call on me to assist them in whatever way I can in protecting his interests from here on.

Very truly yours,
(signed) Herbert E. Selwyn

STATEMENT OF POLICY REGARDING SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

submitted to

THE AMERICAN CIVIL
LIBERTIES UNION OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

by Vern L. Bullough, Chairman
Committee on Sex & Civil Liberties

The following official statement of policy by the Southern California Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union marks one more milestone on the path of American homophiles upward toward legal and social equality from a status which in many ways has been little better than that endured by Negro slaves in the 19th Century.

In recognition of the truly significant contribution this policy statement now makes on behalf of the civil liberties of homophiles the text is here reprinted in full. Commenting upon this new ACLU policy statement the Los Angeles TIMES (December 21, 1965) under a two-column headline quoted Committee Chairman Dr. Bullough as saying that it is not a crime to be a homosexual, but it is illegal to engage in a homosexual act, a situation which long has been studied also by the American Law Institute.

Illinois alone of the American States has legislatively removed this absurd and inequitable legal situation. Attempts to take similar steps have been under study in several other States. In Britain, ever since the completion of the famed Wolfenden Committee Report to the British Parliament in 1957, efforts have also continued to reform English laws, although so far without success.

It would seem to be a clear trend of the times that the civil rights goals toward which ONE so long has labored, should at last be yielding some very tangible results. The role of others working toward these same

goals, both now and formerly, should not be overlooked for many have contributed to the changes we are witnessing today whom we should not forget.

For instance, an early and vigorous exponent of civil liberties for homosexuals was the "National Association for Sexual Research" organized in Los Angeles in 1954. This organization worked for around five years thereafter and held many fine meetings.

Part of its platform was "To directly aid in the correction and legislation of socially suitable and ethically enforceable laws for the governing of sexual behavior in the light of the findings of modern anthropology, sociology, physiology and psychology." While the militantly oriented methods of this organization did not to ONE's Membership seem to offer the most appropriate approach to a solution for the problems in question, still the National Association quite possibly was the first American homophile organization to function primarily with a program of civil rights objectives. It also may have been the earliest homophile "pressure group" in this country. Undoubtedly its work contributed measurably to the visible gains which we now are seeing.

Especially encouraging it is that "other" groups, such as the American Law Institute, the American Civil Liberties Union and the Councils on Religion and the Homosexual are now taking note of the question of civil rights for homosexuals, not only taking note but taking action as well. The Editors of ONE Magazine could have asked for no better launching for 1966 and the Magazine's fourteenth year than to have in hand the fine and forthright statement which follows.

GENERAL STATEMENT

The American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California believes that the right to privacy in sexual relations is a basic constitutional right. Each individual has the right to decide what kind of sexual practices he or she will or will not engage in, what techniques will be used, and whether or not a contraceptive should be used. Public regulation of sexual conduct should be concerned only with preventing rape and assault and the protection of minors.

DEFINITIONS

Rape, gross sexual imposition, corruption of minors, sexual assault, and indecent exposure are clearly and adequately defined by the proposed official draft of the American Law Insti-

tute section 213 on sexual offenses. Definition of minor is also set forth in this section.

ARGUMENT

What the proposed statement does is to make legal any kind of sexual behavior between consenting adults, as long as force or violence is not used. The most controversial aspect of this policy is to legalize homosexual conduct (used in its broadest sense to include transvestism, etc.) as long as minors are not involved and force is absent. Since this is the most controversial aspect of the statement, it might be well to give a general synopsis of the legal practices in the several states as far as homosexuality is concerned.

It should be made clear from the

first that at present it is not a crime to be a homosexual, but it is to perform a homosexual act. Some states provide separate definitions of and penalties for particular homosexual offenses, others set forth a vaguely phrased, catch-all offense such as unnatural crimes, the infamous crime against nature, any unnatural copulation, the abominable and detestable crime against nature with mankind or beast, any unnatural and lascivious act. Usually these catch-all phrases lack the degree of specificity which is required in the statutory definition of other crimes. Moreover the penalties at least theoretically impossible for homosexual acts are harsh ones. Several states provide a maximum penalty for some homosexual offenses of ten or more years in prisons. In some jurisdictions the homosexual may be subject to long-term incarceration, ostensibly for treatment, under special "sex offender" or "sexual psychopath" laws. These laws—which establish an extremely vague "waste basket" category of offenders and allow for commitment with less than the usual criminal safeguards—are often applied against minor sex offenders, and not just as a means of isolating dangerous sex criminals. Obviously the statutory regulations do not in themselves provide a realistic picture of the homosexual's legal status since judges and juries vary and there is considerable reluctance to impose stringent sanctions against homosexual defendants in most cases. Often the great damage is not done through punishment, but through arrest and exposure.

The vagaries of judges, juries, and the difficulty in apprehending the average homosexual means that the problem of police enforcement is difficult. Since there is a willing exchange of services, there is usually no complainant except in those instances where force has been used, a blatant public display has taken place, or where chil-

dren are involved. When the behavior occurs in relative privacy, as is usually the case, it does not normally become known to law enforcement authorities. Thus the police are placed in a rather difficult if not intolerable position. Under great pressure from some segments of the public to eradicate the offending behavior, and at the same time knowing full well the essential unenforceability of the law, they have fallen back on an amalgam of unsavory vice squad techniques or of "looking the other way." In the larger cities there tends to be a fairly routine patrol of public places frequented by homosexuals, with intermittent arrest. Often the police become agent provocateurs because it is argued that only by such techniques can the existing law be enforced. This sort of argument seems a ground for reversing the law.

Law enforcement activity is also directed at such known homosexual meeting places as "gay" bars. Plainclothesmen are often stationed as decoys in such establishments and legal action is periodically taken against the bars themselves, usually on the basis of "disorderly conduct" or conduct "contrary to public welfare or morals." State liquor authorities have been particularly active in this regard, although the courts in California have not always gone along.

In sum, the enforcement policies affecting sex behavior are at present very confused. This general statement is couched in terms of "constitutional right" because of the recent decision of Justice Goldberg in *Griswold v. Connecticut*. Judge Goldberg applied the ninth amendment to marital privacy and it could just as well be applied to the whole area of sexual conduct. Much of sex is legitimately beyond the interests of the state. In fact much of sex law is taken over from religious law. Whatever moral restraints a church may wish to impose upon its members need not be made legal prohibitions imposed upon all citizens.

TO EUROPE

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE 1965 TOUR CONDUCTED BY ONE'S SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION.

by James Kepner

Early last April, ONE's chairman, Dorr Legg, suggested I represent the corporation (at reduced fare) on ONE's forthcoming second tour of Europe. I almost flipped! Though leary of guided tours, I had yearned for Europe the way a Fundamentalist yearns for heaven. And to receive such an offer from an organization which I'd huffily quit four years earlier! I quickly accepted, and with three weeks till I takeoff, began scrambling for financing, passport and vaccination.

ONE had long wanted to get a representative to Europe who knew the American movement intimately enough to make a useful report on European homophile organizational problems. ONE might as well have sent someone else. It was a great trip—but as an inside-dopester, I fizzled.

As I was late notifying the European clubs of our arrival, we were unsure where we'd be met with last year's lavish hospitality. Still, there was no lack of preparations. Chuck Thompson, who organized the tour, and whom I was to assist in shepherding the group, had arranged full schedules in each city, and we were generally met, wined and dined by locals, or at least hospitably received at the clubs and bars.

The last night in April found me, still not quite believing it was happening, jet-bound east. Chuck had preceded us to Europe, so I corralled our group in New York, with the dubious help of the hotel switchboard, and a few of us ventured out for an excellent dinner, hosted by Ed (a Friend who'd visited us in Los Angeles some years back) and window-shopping East midtown. Then off from Kennedy Airport next afternoon.

Four of us were from California, four from the East Coast, six from the Midwest, including a doctor originally from China. Florist, bank clerk, professor, computer programmer, hairdresser, a strikingly handsome state patrolman, cab driver, hospital attendant, etc. One, a chief supplier of clippings for "tangents," was born in Germany. Another, a grandfather, had been to Europe many times before. Harold and Ben had started last year's jaunt, and fallen out due to illness or accident. Dick and one Howard were very young, but two or three others had been voters in Al Smith's day. Some were quiet, some not, but none necessarily "obvious."

Crossing the Atlantic, Dick kept the stewardesses vying for his lap—just to keep some of the rest of us out of it,

I suppose. One knockout blond steward double-took when one of us asked him for a date. Seven hours in the air. Little to see outside except clouds. But with frequent meals and drinks, much joking (generally, on the trip, our group behavior was perfectly respectable) and little sleep, we'd broken one another's ice. Finally, we broke through the ground-hugging clouds, and taxied onto the green and moist Zurich airport grounds.

On leaving New York, I'd collected everyone's baggage checks, and promptly lost them, creating a minor but embarrassing delay on disembarking. Chuck met us, bussed us to the small hotel downtown, and gave us the first of his astonishingly frank briefings on desirable behavior for American tourists, exchange rates, the habits of European hustlers, the best local souvenir buys and locations of choice bars and baths.

Rudi Burkhardt, English editor of *DER KREIS*, the venerable Swiss magazine and club, was there to supplement Chuck's briefing. Rudi had visited us in Los Angeles in Spring, 1958, and given three lectures at ONE Institute. While the others rested up or made their first shopping forays, Rudi and I set off in the rain for a tour of a gay coffeehouse, the Goethe residence, the Grossmunster, Zwingli's church, with its magnificent carved doors, Rudi's own charming apartment and the *DER KREIS* office—the only such office I saw in Europe. A large main room in a handsome middle class apartment house, with a complex of well organized work-tables and desks, an impressive collection of homophile books and magazines, mostly catalogued and wrapped for eventual binding. We discussed accounting methods (I was then thinking about starting my own magazine, *PURSUIT*) and I met, briefly, the courtly actor who remains the moving spirit of *DER KREIS* (The Circle). Though preoccupied at the time, Rolf is known

as an effusively charming host, and American friends can usually count on a warm reception from *DER KREIS* and the other European groups (but some identification is required.)

It rained during most of our Swiss stay, but I had come to see, so I trudged happily all over the neat and bustling city, window shopping mostly, returning periodically to the hotel for dry clothes.

So much happened the next three weeks, I'd best forget sequence and give random impressions of the six countries and cities we visited.

Having done a lot of driving recently, I'd looked forward to not touching a steering wheel awhile. But the second day, with three small Hertz cars, I got to pilot a Peugeot (strange shift, strange driving conditions) to Lucerne and Basel and back. But though I led our entourage into every wrong way street in northern Switzerland, the roads were excellent, the traffic tame, the scenery splendid (clouds kept lifting just enough to allow a view) the road signs graphic, and Rudi a knowledgeable guide. Tea in an old inn at Schwyz, the village which gave the country its name, a quick look at a lovely Dominican monastery at Arau (the most striking Churches I saw were in Munich, where I also attended my first mass), and a more leisurely stop at the Roman ruins (fairly complete theatre, foundations of a hilltop temple, and an almost intact villa, with much statuary, recently excavated) at Augst, outside Basel, lunch at Lucerne, and dinner on our own, beer-hall style, in Basel, with entertainment afterward at the Isola Club. This handsome, cave-like bar, members only, was until recently the Basel branch of *DER KREIS*. While our group watched a lively chorus line of very young club members, the head of the club described their relations (satisfactory) with the press and police. He felt that younger homophiles no longer feel persecuted, and want a

more fun-loving atmosphere than that of the sometimes lugubrious older organizations. However, all the clubs we saw in Europe evidenced a fun-loving atmosphere. In general, *what we saw* of the homophile organizations amounted simply to membership bars. Those members I managed to talk to seemed unaware of any educational, reform or social service activities by these groups. I did see copies at the Arcadie club of serious booklets by Daniel Guerin and Marc Daniel on sale, and in Copenhagen, where I might have had considerable conversation with the Directors of the Forbundet, I had laryngitis.

We received our warmest welcome from the Danish Forbundet. Jacob, Eric and Einar, who spoke excellent English, met us at the plane, provided a banquet for us at the Restaurant Lilli Rosenburg, where the club meets on Fridays, and also on Sunday afternoons in winter, and a smaller house party a couple nights later. They reported that they used to have an office, and that they'd recently gotten the legal age limit, in sex cases involving money, lowered from 21 to 18—not as an approval of prostitution, but as protection against the vagaries of judges and juries.

I've long been fond of the sensuous and versatile Swiss artist, Hans Erni, (best known here for his designs for UNESCO cards and for Rand-McNally ads) and wanted to buy some of his prints. I found them, only after the shops displaying them had closed our last day in Zurich. In Copenhagen, I purchased a fine wall-sized print of Picasso's GUERNICA, and a number of Danish homophile magazines which led to real difficulties with the British customs dept. Despite the recent liberalization of American newsstands, I was unprepared for the frank, but idealized male body art and sexology on continental stands, or the bald smut (the prurient sort that's much smoke and little fire) in England.

Our six cities differed strikingly. All were more extensive than I'd imagined. Zurich, Copenhagen and Paris each appeared as beautiful and architecturally homogenous. You looked down streets along a solid, impressive facade. New architecture, daring enough, blended with the old. Munich, Amsterdam and London, generally more spectacular, seemed more mixed, offering sharp contrasts. Individual buildings surpassed those in the other three cities, but the whole effect was chopped up, like Los Angeles, more open, less harmonious. And the people as well seemed best looking in the first three cities, but the standouts in the other three were really something to behold! (But it was a short trip, and these judgments aren't to be taken too seriously.)

London and Copenhagen seemed to have the most extensive and most beautiful downtown parks. Howard and I found one lovely park near the fine hotel in Copenhagen that was filled with excellent copies of nearly every famous nude male statue in Europe, and another park in Amsterdam, appeared filled with the most monstrously ugly collection of very recent modern sculpture I'd ever seen, the prize being a bronze, heavy chair, raised on a high pedestal, that looked rather like the Lincoln memorial, without Lincoln.

Amsterdam had also the largest red-light district I'd ever seen, all looking rather pretty, like a stage set for Irma La Douce. The girls, pert and attractive, unlike their London counterparts, occupied every window and doorway for blocks. Generally, we saw little remaining war damage, but many Munich streets were still lined with bombed-out buildings, often as memorials. The people in Munich seemed badly dressed, though fancy-dress parades on their handsome boulevards was quite the custom. A matter of taste, not economics, as everyone seemed to be wearing someone else's

clothes, or impossible combinations. I was particularly impressed by the elegance and the really cosmopolitan crowds downtown in Copenhagen and Amsterdam. I had supposed that the populations of these two cities were pretty homogenous, but though smaller than London and Paris, they were imperial cities, drawing people from all over the world. The preponderance of Beatle styles among youth in Copenhagen and London even surpassed Hollywood.

Each city had more of waterfronts, lakefronts, harbors and canals than I'd expected. One rarely seemed to be far from the water. A canal boat ride the first day in Amsterdam also took us out across the expansive, busy and impressively ugly harbor, a sharp contrast to the also busy, but parklike waterfront of Copenhagen.

The weather was consistently warm and sunny after Munich. But I carried a lingering cold, which kept my roommates awake. Except for those who paid extra for single rooms, we shifted roommates at each new city. The hotels ranged from elegant in London to something else in Amsterdam, but in all, the accommodations were excellent at the price. Enjoyed many new food thrills, but the strongest memories are of the 57 course Indonesian dinner in Amsterdam, and the indescribably rich and varied Danish pastries, and their sandwiches that could best be described as canape skyscrapers.

The second day in Bavaria, we rented two VW minibusses and swung through the lush countryside, stopping at the Oberammergau passion theatre, and visiting King Ludwig's extravagantly fine palace and fantastic grotto at Lindenhoff, and his unfinished, sky-thrusting dream castle, Neuschwanstein (model for Disneyland's fairy castle.) This homosexual king, lover of Wagner and his operas, and last monarch of free Bavaria, bankrupted his country with lavish castle-building and private operatic productions. Lone-

ly, nervous, and living in the dream world which Wagner materialized, he was placed under doctor's supervision (i.e., house arrest) on Lake Starnberg, which we flew over, near Munich. He committed suicide, it appears. His gardens were reportedly full of erotic male statues, destroyed after his death. No vacancies show. Every corner is crowded with *objects d'art* and rococo female nudes predominate in the tapestries and wood carvings. The buildings are architecturally elegant, the interiors merely opulent, just too much.

Getting back into Munich, I experienced the most terrifying traffic in which I've ever driven (in London, I wouldn't drive!) and Dick hurried back to Rik's bar, where he'd found true love the night before—a sallow, extremely handsome youth, who saw us off at the airport later. My own amours were limited to the last three stops, but for the group as a whole, there were quite a few adventures to tell.

Small but rewarding museums in Zurich and Munich and Copenhagen's amazing Glyptoteket with its fine collection of Roman sculpture (white marble, with penises all rubbed black from handling) were buildups to Amsterdam's proud Riksmuseum (which we visited at the same time as Princess Margaret) and the unsurpassable Louvre. A pen-pal of Howard's, from Utrecht, took us through the former (and to a fine dinner afterward). I could have spent weeks with the early Dutch and Flemish masters, time cheated us of most of the Steens, De-Hootch's and Vermeers. And I missed the city's fine Van Gogh collections, but we spent a pleasant hour at the Rembrandt house, where the etchings were astonishing. By this time, we were going off mostly in twos and threes, with much time at our own disposal. Thus Howard and I in London went to the fine National Gallery, to Westminster (passing Parliament

while the Lords were debating the Homosexual bill, on which they recommended reform) and to Hyde Park corner, in company with a Spanish friend, where we heard Dr. Donald Soper, one of the first prominent British clergymen to speak out sensibly on homosexuality, speaking now against the bomb, and getting mercilessly heckled.

We missed the British Museum (where I'd sworn to spend half my time in London) and other fine collections. I went with Russ to Foyles, world's largest bookstore—but it was on strike, so I didn't buy anything. All my spending money was gone anyhow. Harold, Peter and I took a train from Munich for the depressing tour of the death camp at Dachau. It seemed incongruous to smell so much fresh lumber—much that had been razed was being rebuilt—and it seemed ironic that the townsmen who ignored the camp's awful stench were now waxing prosperous from its tourist appeal. But here, the tourists displayed little desire to fraternize with the townsmen.

While the other continental cities all surpassed my expectations, especially Copenhagen, the painfully brief stay in Paris was for me the highpoint. But not everyone likes the same things, and the average American tourist these days doesn't much like Paris. Nor do most of the Frenchmen seem to like Americans or anyone else these days. Maybe that's too broad. In the smaller cities, everyone seems to concentrate on making tourists feel at home. In Paris, London *and also the United States*, people couldn't care less what tourists think of them. So if you add to that some difficulty with the language, you can run into a lot of unpleasantness.

The highpoint of Paris was the Louvre, which is unsurpassed! In two attempts, we saw but a fraction of it, but what a fraction! The first day, Howard and I spent a couple hours in the endless collection of classic statues,

Greek terra cottas and vases, with hundreds of astonishing satyrs so rarely shown in art books, and hundreds of amazingly lifelike Roman portrait busts (including several butch treatments of both Antinous and Elagabal). In the Sumerian section, I was copying French inscriptions under the dozen lifesize statues of Ensi Gudea (early law-giver) and steles from Lagash when the guards (apparently training to be orang-utans at the zoo) suddenly formed a grunting and gesticulating phalanx and unceremoniously shoved everyone out of the ancient orient halls into a section from which there appeared to be no exit. After several miles of furnished rooms by Louis Quatorze and the lot, we finally got back through Mesopotamia to the painting section, where the gigantic murals of the Classicists and early Romantics proved much more striking than the reproductions I knew.

In London, the theatre was the biggest and least expensive attraction, and Russ and Dick piled matinees on top of evening performances for the four days there, including the John Osborne play, *A Patriot for Me*, denied a public license by the Lord Chamberlain for its several strong homosexual scenes, but playing to full house all the same. In Paris, Russ and Ben and I had gone to a small club to see several big-name femmics, including Cochinelle. At least we thought that was what they were. We were up close, and in the masculine department, they were all has-beens. Slender, softly shapely, with uniform clipped-noses, small but definitely female breasts, and a postage stamp covering whatever was left *inter femuræ*. In Copenhagen, the entire group attended an excellent performance (with the highest seats in existence) of the Danish Royal Ballet doing *Swan Lake*, with Eric Brun. Very, very fine.

The first year, the group was more tightly organized, but opted for a looser schedule next time. So we had

a lot of free time, with suggestions, of course. Among the suggested activities I missed, which several others enjoyed, were visits to the Dutch tulip gardens, up the Eiffel tower, most of the gay bars (Chuck recommended several in each city) most of the fancy restaurants, bus tours to Versailles and to Oxford, Windsor Castle and Stratford, a hydrofoil excursion to Malmo in Sweden, the in-town tours in London, Munich and Copenhagen, and the Anne Frank house in Amsterdam, as well as the exciting first-night bar tour in London, conducted by an English clergyman, whom I visited next day at his vicarage, where an ancient crypt had been reconverted to make way for a community social service center dealing chiefly with homosexuals and alcoholics.

Charles, Jim and Ed formed a close trio, off mostly shopping, flowering and gormandizing. The other Charles and Ben became inseparable. Howard and Dick were busy with independent pursuits. Harold skipped a couple stops for a longer stay in the British Isles.

Generally, in each country there was one bus tour arranged in the city where we stayed, and one to surrounding points of interest. The latter tour in Denmark was a delight, with a guide, an elegant butch who kept camping with Dick, while we hoped most of it was over the heads of other tourists on the bus. Lively and intimate descriptions as we went through the Frederiksborg and Hamlet castles and passed near the home of Baroness Blixen (Isac Dineson). The countryside tour in Holland included a lively ferry ride across the Zuider Zee to Volendam and the Isle of Marken, two mediaeval quaint towns where a few hundred costumed natives seemed to live caged as thousands of tourists per hour went gawking through, peeking and poking. On the ride back, a raucous group of fat and forty German

tourists romped about the boat, trying to toss one another, and anyone else who got in the way, into the frigid water, until we passed and helped rescue a capsized sailboat, and fished three beautiful teenagers out of the water. Then to Edam, for a view of cheesemaking.

London's streets are dominated by the Mods and Rockers, two nationwide gangs, or actually two antagonistic youthful *styles*, since they are not organized—the fancy-boys and the leather-boys, and their respective girlfriends or boyfriends, as the case may be. Zurich's streets at night seemed filled with stolid and surly peasant-boy draftees, seeming ready for a fight. In Munich, street brawls seemed to be a prime sport. In three days, I saw five brawls, two involving dozens of participants. Two drunks stagger from a cheap bar against an old woman, who beats one of them on the head with her umbrella. The other tossed her halfway across the street, but she returns swinging. Another passerby, his leg in a cast, begins kicking, with the cast. An elegant old gentleman, looks on with distaste, and a few seconds later is punching away. A fight I saw in London was quite different. A pudgy, well dressed tough kicked a witless young hobo he passed, scattering the youth's ragtag bundles. The bully returned for more two or three times, and his victim seemed to lack the coordination to defend himself. Suddenly the worm turned. Flailing wildly but with effect, and kicking just as wildly, the younger one nearly killed his assailant, bloodying him, going back to the scattered bundles, then returning again for a few more kicks in the face or the groin. Though several people were bumped in this fray, none else on the crowded Soho street interfered, but rather watched morbidly. (I didn't see a policeman interfere with anyone in Europe.) Meanwhile, I was accosted by three dirty-show pimps,

who sidled their ugly faces within inches of mine and offered real lesbians, leather and perversion.

And more: Hours window shopping with Howard, talking with Harold and Peter about the homophile movement, joking with Charles and dancing

(which I do badly) with the other Charles in Amsterdam's DOK club, a fine Italian dinner with Ed in London, and altogether, a wonderful, wonderful trip. I'm just trying to figure out if there's any possible way I could afford it again

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LOVE AT THIRTEEN

by Hayes Hill

I lie here, in the middle of the night, full of love and memories. Realizing fully now what was just stirring inside me then, when I was thirteen.

Thirteen. Still a little boy, yet inside me was slowly growing the gentle seed of love which would mature and burst forth into the glorious flower that blooms within me now.

Dave. Dave was the fertile ground from which my shy young seed took nourishment. My ideal—strong, quiet, and kind. He always had time for me, and so I was constantly underfoot, like an adoring puppy.

Dave was one of six college students who roomed in my mother's big old house. The other five guys didn't know I existed, and could not have cared less. But Dave knew, and that's all that mattered.

He would take me places all the time. Camping mostly. He was a combination father and brother to me, as I had neither. I was the only child and Dad had died in Korea, so I never knew him. Dave said his father was also dead, so maybe he felt sorry for me.

The only times I ever hated him were when he went out with his girlfriend. But I never stayed mad long, because he'd always kid me out of it. "Hey, Bub," he'd say, "I've got to see my girl once in a while." Then he'd slap me on the back, and I'd pull away, pretending to be mad, and start running away. He'd laugh, and chase me out into the yard, where he'd catch up to me easily, because he was over six feet tall. Tackling me, I'd sprawl on the ground. Lying there, all sweaty and out of breath, I'd look up at him smiling down at me, and I knew I'd never be able to stay mad at him long. I liked him too much.

But all good things must end. I knew Dave would move away when he graduated. I just never liked to think about it. Yet, like tomorrow, it was inevitable he'd move out of our old house and out of my young life.

When the day finally came, as I knew it would, I was unprepared, as I knew I would be. Dave packed his things in his old Ford station wagon. I watched him with tear-filled eyes, from the seclusion of my upstairs bedroom window. He must have made twenty trips from his room downstairs, to that old car. And I wanted desperately to be by his side every step of the way, pleading with him not to leave. But instead, I just watched him with impotent anguish.

Finally, when he was ready to leave, he said goodbye to Mother. Then he glanced up to my window. I wanted to turn away, but I couldn't. Our eyes met. For a long time.

Mother said something to him, and he walked up to the house. To my room.

My door was open. He stood outside, looking at me. "I'll miss you, Bub," he said. Then he extended his hand to me. I flew at him, hitting and kicking with all the fury in me. Dave just stood there, making no attempt to stop me.

Finally, my energy spent, I collapsed against him, brushing my face against his massive chest. I felt Dave surround me with his strong arms. He held me, not saying a word. I was sobbing with shame, but Dave gently cupped my chin in his hand, and brought my face up to meet his. With his other hand, he brushed the hair out of my eyes and wiped away my tears. Then, looking deep into my eyes and my soul he gently caressed my face, stroking my eyebrows, and bringing his long index finger to rest on the tip of my nose.

"I'm going to leave now, Bub," he said softly. "I want you to lie down and close your eyes. Don't watch me drive off."

Then, with great tenderness, and great strength, Dave picked me up and laid me on my bed. But before releasing me, he suddenly held me tight. At that instant, my seed of love matured and burst forth. I clung to him with all of my thirteen-year-old strength. For a few precious seconds we were one. Suddenly, Dave released himself. And walked out of my room, out of my life.

I lie here now, in the middle of the night, beside Joe, full of my love for him. But I will always treasure my memory of Dave, and the seed of love he blossomed forth within me, then, when I was thirteen.

The Unnamed

It is a pact, an agreement,
so the beads of sweat clinging like dew
to the dry grasses of your thighs
will not fool me. Your knowing of what
will happen—your insides eructing—
Is what will only heat those legs.

And what will I feel? For the moment, you,
you with your big, hard limbs excreting
their lust that rolls down hairs, you with
your broad chest idolatry will stave with
alloyed bands.

There will be no sound; only the annoying
creak of some metal-hard fibres uncoiling.
There will be no light, except that frozen
long ago in eyes baled by lashes.

You will go,
and if we meet again, and if you feel
so disposed to place the face,
you will not remember. Worst of all,
neither will I; yet
I will see other dew and in vain
try to recall others I cannot name.

J. T. Montgomery-Hand



agents

news & views

KEEP OUT OF THE WOODS, BABES

Word is that Palmer Woods, long a popular hunting grounds for some Detroiters, is altogether too popular these days with Tilly Law. News of arrests and enticements come to ONE's offices with unpleasant frequency. A word to the wise should be sufficient, but there are many these days who call themselves wise who are neither wise nor discreet. But don't say ONE didn't warn you.

SHOULD RAVENS EAT CROW?

There are some who think so. Reliable information is that recent distinguished visitors from overseas to Los Angeles were treated with such vulgar rudeness in the Red Raven, Los Angeles drinking spot, that the question arises if the joint should not be shunned by those who respect courtesy and good manners. The further question is, do those who profit from public patronage have no public obligations whatever? And how are the bars doing in your town these days?

OUR TENTH, THEY SAY

Curious news comes out from 1133 Broadway, New York, these

days, something concerning "Our 10th." Tenth what? The Mattachine Society, Inc., a San Francisco organization, formerly maintained Area Councils in New York and a number of other cities around the country. Then, in March, 1961, for reasons of its own all of these Area Councils were dissolved by the parent organization. Since that date there has not been a Mattachine Society in New York City. The mystery about "Our 10th" therefore remains still a mystery.

THE VILLAGE NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

Or such is the lament of some of its more permanent residents, according to William Borders, writing for N.Y. TIMES on 9/9. "MacDougal Street, which runs south from Washington Square, is populated largely by Italian families who have lived there for years," Borders notes, "but at night its coffee-houses and cafes draw throngs of tourists, college students and beatniks, as well as vagrants and flagrant sexual deviants." An elderly woman resident is quoted as saying, "We go inside and close our windows when the sun goes

down. These people who come to our block have no morals or respect." And a local business man remarked, "These bums don't care about art the way Villagers did when Sinclair Lewis and Hart Crane lived here. (Now) they're just slobs." But not all Greenwichers share these dyspeptic views, and the squabbling may actually be nothing more than harmless class frictions. As one local policeman put it, "The beats don't like the swells; the swells don't like the old residents; and the old residents don't like anyone. But they get along okay without much trouble, like they always have." At least, Borders concludes, the Village remains "one of the few areas in town where stationery shops sell frankly homosexual greeting cards."

SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK ON SEX NEEDED

Dr. Earle M. Marsh, San Francisco gynecologist, told a recent meeting of general medical practitioners in L.A. that "In nature there is no such thing as a 'good' or 'bad' sex act," reports George Getze, Science Writer for the L.A. TIMES, in a column dated 10/28. "Doctors are as poorly educated about sex and as much in the dark as other people," Dr. Marsh is reported as stating. "Still, they are the ones most often asked for advice about it. They can help their patients if they look at sexual matters from the biologist's point of view, and not from the theologian's, lawyer's, or sociologist's."

Dr. Marsh spoke of four kinds of love, Columnist Getze continues:—Maternal, or unconditional, love; fraternal, or philosophical love for humanity; self-love, or respect for oneself and the rights and concerns of others; and sexual love—the

fusion of all of these other kinds of love with personal, erotic love and union between two people. "When such love is mature, each partner's welfare is as important to the other as his own. According to Dr. Marsh, this mature kind of erotic love is possible between two people of the same sex."

MORE ON M.D.'s AND SEX

As reported in Medical World News for 10/15, Dr. Harry Benjamin, world-renowned endocrinologist, recently advised the International Congress of General Medicine in Salzburg, Austria, that "the average general practitioner is usually unable to cope with his patients' sexual problems because he has not had sufficient training in the subject. 'All too easily,' he emphasized, 'these doctors speak of abnormality and unnaturalness, as if anyone knew what normality really is.' Discussions with patients should avoid expressions that carry a moral connotation—words like 'promiscuity', 'excess', 'perversion', and 'masturbation', which have inherent negative meanings."

On homosexuality, he is reported to have told the Salzburg meeting, it "remains a problem mostly because it is still punishable by law in many countries, and therefore still produces guilt feelings, fear of extortion, and neuroses. Most young homosexuals are really bisexual, or have a nondifferentiating sexual desire." Along with most modern endocrinologists, Dr. Benjamin "is skeptical of androgen treatment as an attempt to make a homosexual more virile. Such therapy, he points out, 'does not change the direction of the sexual desire, but rather increases its intensity.' It is perhaps more important for the doctor to get the homosexual to accept himself the

way he is, in order to rid himself of guilt feelings."

PEEPHOLE PROSECUTION

In September this column contained a report from England on peephole procedures there, with the comment that the California State Supreme Court had not long ago out-lawed, at least theoretically, such practices within the State (the 1962 Bielecki case, which successfully invoked the 4th Amendment against "unreasonable searches and seizures.") But this does not affect police practices on Federal property in California. TIME Magazine for 11/12 reports the same surveillance methods having recently been applied by park rangers in Yosemite National Park, in which holes—disguised as air vents—were cut above three toilet stalls at a privately-run resort. "After watching 40 men peacefully come and go," TIME reports, "the ranger and a photographer finally saw two men performing acts that violated both U.S. & California law."

Being on Federal property, they were prosecuted under U.S. law, but the defendants nevertheless appealed their first conviction on the basis of the 4th Amendment, and the earlier dismissal of similar evidence by the California Supreme Court in the Bielecki case. But, TIME states, the U.S. Appellate Court "sharply disagreed and upheld the convictions," noting that "the place is public, and it is properly subject to peephole surveillance because of 'the criminal activities which can and do occur in it. People who choose to commit crimes where they may be seen take the chance that they will be seen.'"

In a dissenting opinion, TIME continues, Appellate Judge J. R.

Browning argued "that the 4th Amendment 'protects such privacy as a reasonable person would suppose to exist in given circumstances' and that the ranger invaded that privacy by cutting peepholes that 'constituted actual intrusion' and the resulting surveillance without warrant created what the 4th Amendment condemns—a general exploratory search conducted solely to find guilt.'"

Should this case reach the U.S. Supreme Court, the 4th Amendment—long a shield for personal privacy against official invasions—will most certainly receive further examination, along (hopefully) with the country's sex laws as well.

SEX EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN

In a lengthy serialized report in the Chicago SUN-TIMES beginning 10/7, William Braden describes a "model program" for sex education now being conducted in Evanston's primary schools. Involving film strips, slides, drawings, recordings, and lectures, it is described as part of a "Family Life Education" program starting in kindergarten and continuing through junior high. "But it comes to a sharp focus," reports Braden, "at fifth-grade level, where all boys and girls are taught the physiology of reproduction." Nothing, it seems, is left to the imagination, or for later discovery, and 10-yr.-olds are said to be writing about sexual intercourse while still spelling it "sexual intercorads." In a program so startlingly thorough, the "perversions" are of course not overlooked. A "school doctor," in a recorded lecture, is quoted on this subject as saying, "there are a few boys and men who want to do this, and you should be on to their tricks and never be alone with them. Such fellows are called homosex-

uals, or homos for short. Maybe you've heard other names. They are not behaving in a normal and decent way, and you must avoid them." According to Braden, this section of the lecture "has probably provoked more controversy than any other aspect of the Evanston program. Many parents object that it overemphasizes guilt." Indeed, ONE wonders also about "every 6th man" in this large audience of pre-teen children, whose future sexual orientation has already been blueprinted into their attitudes and patterns of behavior. What will be his (or her) reaction to the ghastly information that he is doomed to become a pariah in the eyes of school authorities, of a family whom he loves, and of his supposedly "normal and decent" schoolmates? ONE can think of no better way of blighting such children's chances for adult success and happiness, and it fervently hopes that, in this area of sexual behavior, the incredibly ill-advised and brutal practice reported from Evanston will spread no further.

In fact, at least 20% of medical men might take exception to much else in Evanston's sex education program, in its bearing on sex behavior during adolescence and later life, according to a report in the MEDICAL TRIBUNE for 11/6-7. Commenting on sex education for youth (primarily as an aid in preventing venereal infections) one doctor said:- "I think we already have a tendency to let them know too much too soon." Other comments:- "Education does not produce morality." "More parental control" is needed, "with moral, not sex, education," "It didn't work in the Army and it won't work at home." And, "It's a family problem. I doubt seriously if it can be handled by group means." (This

last from an Ohio pediatrician.)

SO WEAR GLOVES, BOYS! (Or Move to Washington)

"Their hands usually give them away," commented Denver Detective Lt. Cayou, after the arrest and conviction of 11 men for female impersonation, as reported in the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS for 11/2. "One of these guys arrested last night was built like a full-back." The applicable city ordinance carries a maximum penalty of \$300 and 90 days. The 11 defendants were fined \$50 each. But legal attitudes are confused, confusing, and unpredictable. The WASHINGTON (D.C.) POST, for 10/15, reporting a similar complaint against several female impersonators apprehended on the street, noted that the judge admonished both the police and counsel for bringing the charges to court. "None of us may like men wearing wigs," Judge E. A. Beard is quoted as saying, "but we can't criminally prosecute them for it." Impersonation charges were dropped, although certain of the defendants were continued on vagrancy charges.

THE SERVICEMAN'S DILEMMA

Again according to Denver's ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, a correspondent recently wrote to inveigh against the currently-used device of falsely claiming homosexuality in order to avoid the draft. "If the homosexual is shunned by the mass of society," the letter reads in part, "these unfortunate perverts of the truth should be even more so. It is a known fact that persons with homosexual tendencies have fought side by side with others . . . I know one who still mourns the death of a buddy killed in Korea while fighting in the same unit."

ONE thoroughly agrees with all of this, but nevertheless is even more concerned with the plight of the draftee who IS homosexual. If he says so, but has no record, and is not the extreme androgyne type, he is disbelieved and inducted anyway, and the same, of course, holds true for the far greater number who, also willing to serve their country, say nothing, or deny their homosexuality. In either case, once in uniform, they are targets for an unrelenting homo-hunt where mere suspicion (not to mention discovery) carries savage penalties which can destroy their entire future. In a situation where as many as 1 in 25 servicemen may be homosexual, and where military arrests for homosexual behavior may equal half the total (SEXUAL BEHAVIOR & THE LAW, S. G. Kling, Bernard Geis Associates, 1965) the official military persecution of homosexual servicemen with its sadistically-perverted attack on their ordinary civil and human rights is a national disgrace. Homophile organizations throughout the country are increasing their protests, and may certainly be expected to so continue, until this blot on our country's administrative policies, both civil and military, has been removed.

SELF-DEFENSE NO DEFENSE IN MURDER CASE

At least not defense of one's "manhood," according to the verdict of a jury recently trying a case at London's Old Bailey. The story, carried by *ESQUIRE* for October, '65, describes the prosecution of three young hoodlums for beating a homosexual to death, having first dined with him at his flat, then bound him and ransacked the apartment for loot. The principal defendant, through conflicting testimony, completely discredited his

own defense, even as his counsel attempted to shift sole guilt to another of the trio. The latter testified, through barristers, that his host had "made a pass" at him in the bathroom, that he "went berserk," and that it was "manslaughter in self-defense." Counsel told Judge Stevenson that this defendant "had a horror of homosexuals. He told the witness that he had been indecently attacked as a small boy." The Judge, consulting the previous testimony, reminded the lawyer, "He told a witness he WOULD SAY he had been attacked as a boy,"—making sure, by a glance at the jury, that they got the point. The final verdict — murder; and the sentence for all three—death. The case itself has an all-too-familiar ring for American homophile readers, but unfortunately the verdict does not. The correspondent who sent the item comments in the margin, "Her Majesty's Incorruptible, Imperturbable, Incomparable Judges!"

GENE BECOMES JEAN

As reported by the WASHINGTON D.C. DAILY NEWS for 10/4, this "voluntary sex change operation — (recently performed on a 30-yr.-old male sex offender in Oregon State Penitentiary)—is believed the first performed in the U.S. It is almost certainly the first time it has been used by prison authorities as part of a convict's rehabilitation. The surgical change was the culmination of what Jean called a lifetime search 'for an identity.'" Jean is now living as a woman, and "claiming to be the 'happiest' she has ever been."

PRIVATE CLUBS DENOUNCED

By the extremely conservative Kinsey estimates for 1960, cited in Marmor's **SEXUAL INVERSION**, Chap. 5 (see review in ONE, Sept.,

'65), the Greater L.A. area now contains probably upward of 30,000 white, male, **exclusively** homosexual persons aged 20 or over. (ONE's own estimate, based on fourteen years of local observation, research, and statistical work, is over twice this figure.) Add to this exclusively homosexual males, 20 or over, of Oriental and Negro extraction, plus exclusively homosexual males 18-20 years old for all these ethnic groups, plus **predominantly** homosexual males for **all** the age and ethnic groups mentioned above, and the total rises astronomically, into the order of hundreds of thousands for males alone. Even without the lesbians (who certainly could not lag too far behind these figures) this is scarcely a minority to be high-handedly denied full rights of peaceful association guaranteed to all American citizens under our Constitution.

According to some rather recent local notices, L.A. city officials are now considering police licensing of private clubs as a means for curbing alleged immoralities now taking place behind the legal immunities of private-club status. Chief targets, of course, are private clubs catering to homosexuals, which of itself is not the main basis for complaint, but rather that minors are said to be "lured" there for immoral and illicit purposes. One case is cited (HOLLYWOOD CITIZEN-NEWS for 12/7) "in which a high school youth went to such a club and later showed up at home with dyed blond hair and false eyelashes." (Rather frivolous and pointless, but hardly a fate worse than death.)

The real point is, what **is** to happen to thousands of homosexually-inclined youths of minor age? Are they all to be driven onto streets like Selma Avenue, where many are already? Or are they to be sent

running home to mother (whom most are running away from to begin with)? Or is Councilman Lamport of Hollywood, who is sponsoring the licensing plan, going to "cure" them all, after "rescuing" them from various dens of iniquity?

We are not trying to be funny. It is an extremely serious problem, which the city fathers will most certainly not solve through the current proposal. Homophile organizations on the West Coast and elsewhere have for years offered social functions and educational programmes for homophiles, on the theory that many would like to get away from the corner-divan-dark-light-highball circuit which Councilman Lamport deplores. But of course, the presence of minors (the ones who might most benefit) in such programmes is **verboten**; and the persecution of homosexuals generally is such that even adults are reluctant to participate. And, ONE might ask, what municipal or State support or even encouragement have homophile organizations ever received? Or what comparable programmes have any cities or States ever offered? Their "programme" is, and has been, to hound the homophile from pillar to post, throw him into jail whenever possible, close up such traditional social rendezvous as exist for him—meanwhile trying to paralyze existing homophile groups (the only groups trying to do something constructive) by official non-recognition and indifference.

These conditions are typical throughout the country, and it is patently absurd to suppose that the basic problem can be remedied by even further repressive measures, or by trying to sweep several million homosexuals under some convenient rug and forgetting about them.

Crossroad To Nowhere

Stephen W. McDermott

Whenever that week comes to mind, I cannot help but recall Dickens' words about a chain of gold or thorn and the day upon which a first link was cast. That week is whole unto itself—for no one day stands out as a beginning of this pain and torture; its growth was slow and by degrees and only after the fact was the fact so horribly evident.

But that week alone cannot be totally responsible, for it must be joined with the yesterdays of predisposition and the tomorrows of established habit, with the abysmal loneliness and isolation that separates all of humanity from itself, the constant search for fulfillment coupled with the latent fear of frustration.

Frustration indeed! Today neither latent nor feared. Welcome my brother, my ego, myself—thou has found a roost wherein to lay thy youth.

If a beginning must be found, an incident which forged the chain's first link, it could be said to be the evening I first met Lee. I was having drinks with several members of our new show when Pete's room mate joined us. He was exciting, creative, and the most beautiful person I have ever seen; he was Lee. We spoke briefly, everything remained properly casual and soon Pete and Lee left. Their departure was welcomed by me, for in spite of the very informality of our meeting, I had to continuously remind myself and guard my heart. So much had happened recently I simply couldn't afford getting involved again, allowing entrance to my heart—only to be refused and rejected.

Along with the unfinished scotch there remained the leftover extras—one of whom had noticed my fascination, and asked what I had to say.

"What can you say about something like that?"

"They're *both* so beautiful," he murmured.

As I approached the makeup table the following evening, Pete came up to me, "I hear you're interested in Lee," he began, "I thought you'd want to know that Lee mentioned he was interested in you . . ."

But I hadn't been interested in Lee—I kept warning myself—threatening myself—*not* to be interested!

Lee joined us again for drinks after the show. I could tell by their short tete-a-tete that Pete was making the final groundwork. I wished, even then, that he hadn't. I could not then use the fear of rejection as an excuse—and Lee was already an uncomfortable intrusion into my well-kept isolation.

The group spent hours together that evening—changing bars twice and being joined by various and assorted transients. The minutes turned to hours, while Lee became more and more an affirmation. My will grew weaker, my resolutions began to dissolve into hope, then desire, then need. Was it the scotch, the hour, or the assurance that Lee was safely mine that allowed me to be carried away, to afford him entrance, to attempt the risk of love—for Pete *was* our guarantee!

Yet on and on we stayed, Lee never made the slightest attempt to speak to me alone, or to leave, and meanwhile, he camped outrageously with everyone he met, was totally absorbed with every potential trick, leaving me desperately insecure and confused. Was I or was I not! How I would have wanted to leave, then and there, alone! But it was too late. The impregnable bastion had been stormed, the heart was taken, and I remained the victim helplessly awaiting the prince's decided torture.

Confusion turned to depression until the darkness of the bar settled entirely and totally over me. I went madly up to Lee, "Look, I'm leading with my left, but I have to go now, but I'd first like to invite myself over to your place . . ."

". . . Oh, I'm sorry, I have a room mate who thinks we're lovers, and I just couldn't do anything in front of him . . ."

Thus came the dismissal! Forget the pinch on the ass—even the Paris mobs were unimpressed with Marie Antoinette's concern that they should eat cakes!

Somehow I found the subway—my body experienced no feeling except the most wretched, numbing pain. I sat and stared—at nothingness—the platform, the station, life itself was lost in this nothingness. Why had I allowed myself to anticipate so much, to become so intensely interested without any secure guarantee. Pete's words were just words—not a court of law in the land would heed them; a court of law indeed!—there is no court, no tribunal in this demi-world. We are all castrated eunuchs subjected to and tormented by life's savage cruelty.

This was not just another thing to choke down, but a pain to emerge from, a shattered and shattering experience to try to rebuild from. Was the rebuilding worth the effort?—was anything worth the effort—even thinking, . . . especially life! I'm not, nor ever have been, suicidally inclined, but at this moment, death was by far not the most unpleasant alternative to lifeless non-existence—if only the death could come from outside forces. And indeed, a form of death was being born.

Sleep came, easily for I was so terribly tired. But as the morning music forced its way into my consciousness, I became aware of but one thing: the Pain. The blissful oblivion of sleep was slowly squeezed out by increasing awareness of reality. "This is not fair—the pain's supposed to be gone the morning after!"

I could have called it from the rooftops with as much success. Pain, like water, meets its own level and remains on the rampage until it alone decides to subside.

The day began anew—some bashful blossoms were appearing on the trees—life gave great promise—but a little less of life began the empty ceremonies of existence.

Somehow the day was endured—Lee, however, kept asserting himself into my unwilling yet desperately longing consciousness. If Pete had only said nothing—if Lee had only not been so careless in his regrets—had he not camped so with everyone he met—had I not been so careless in self-restraint! I was nothing to this individual whom I had hoped would become a meaningful part of my life, whom I had hoped would make my life so much more meaningful. Lee, Lee, Lee!

Did I hate you? Did I love you? Could I kill you? Would this "thing" kill me? What was it—why was it so disturbing—if only life could be passive. Yet all too frequently some disturbance—threatening and frightful—must needs

arise to wreak havoc on our seemingly secure isolation. Life! You are not too beautiful to be realized—you are ugly and a malicious tormentor—I am too tired to play your games any longer (but I am not suicidally inclined!)—I want nothing to do with your pomps and trappings, your icing and tinsel—your “beautiful” people and your specious promises of love!

I have abdicated—I have realized that love shall not be part of my life—*so be it*. AMEN. Let the AMEN ring out, resound—it has been proclaimed. What if it reduces me to a shell, the snail knows not its protest, has no protest in its hallowed sanctuary. I can no longer live for a promise that has proved to be unattainable.

Yes—but Life, you now must make but one promise. I have foresworn your alleged pleasures, now you must abandon your tantalizing. Do not disturb me again with this nonsense and falsity. I’m much too tired to struggle . . . and I’m not suicidally inclined. Abandon me totally—it is the half-way measures that destroy.

klyptic thirty-three

The man you know
and the man I know
are so much different!

He’s Butch to everyone else
but me . . .

Paul Mariah

just touch me

Don’t help
or give advice
or clear debris from paths I follow,
just touch me
hand in hand
and smile.
Green augusts
white novembers
barren
but for you.
Don’t cry when I am sad
nor drink when I am drunken,
just touch me
hand in hand
and smile.

Donald C. Mitchell

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



DIONYSUS, MYTH AND CULT, by Walter F. Otto, 1933; tr. Robert B. Palmer, Indiana University Press, 1965, 243 pp., \$6.50.

This first translation into English of Otto's classic study of Dionysus will deeply engage the interest of any student of Greek social and religious history. That the Dionysic cult was characterized by "a hounding and maltreatment of women" at once suggest insight into Greek attitudes toward homosexuality, as will many other pages in this provocative study.

Significant for historians of Christian legend, and other accounts of the unisexual origins of the human race is a reference to Herodotus' story that Zeus brought the man child sewn in his thigh to Nysa in Ethiopia. In other references, "The father himself assumed the role of mother. He took up the fruit of the womb, not yet capable of life, and placed it in his divine body. And when the number of months was accomplished, he brought his son into the light." Hence, Dionysus was the "twice-born one."

"His duality has manifested itself to us in the antithesis of ecstasy and horror, infinite vitality and savage destruction" writes Otto. He then vigorously repudiates the attempt, sometimes made, to relate the Dionysic rationale to "roughly corresponding practices of northern European peas-

ants," or vegetation cults elsewhere.

In further striking commentary Otto writes, speaking of the countless linkings made in ancient literature between Apollo and Dionysus "if this union actually was consummated . . . Apollo and Dionysus were attracted to each other and sought each other out . . . And with this marriage, Greek religion, as the sanctification of objective being, would have reached its noblest heights."

G.

STRANGE MARRIAGE, by James Colton, Los Angeles, 1965, 176 pages, Argyle Books, \$3.95.

James Colton writes with facility and often with charm and with a sense of the metabolism of the paper-back racks. His book's title and blurb contain sure-sell words — "passion," "weird," "virile," "(love)-hungry," "tempestuous" and others. This book will sell.

Moreover his first three chapters are plausible. Then improbabilities multiply. How is your credulity quotient?

Satyriasis has not been hinted at; but now the homosexual hero begins working both sides of the street — hard—and yet he rejects the advances of another bisexual man.

To write a novel without a villain is a kind of wrong-doing; although a case history may be all the truer for

lack of a villain. Fiction that points no moral is flat, meaningless. A novel interprets life; and life, pace Macbeth, does have meaning. A good novelist or dramatist selects the elements, incidents and aspects that disclose the meaning that he discerns in life.

In *Strange Marriage* the logical villain might be Randy Hale, 24, the all too virile man-about-bedrooms; or it might be Ruth Anders, in her thirties, pushy and calculating and with round heels curiously atypical of teachers. But Colton develops neither of them into the villain that logic dictates.

Luke Rawson, who deserts Dave Noyes to exploit his older money-honey, is not a major villain: he is just a part of the typical California scenery—and incidentally Colton's local color is usually good. Fred Tighe, who hounds

his divorced wife, is villainous enough, too; but his affairs are only incidental to our story.

We are left with a pillow fight or a case history in which a heroically he homosexual sweeps a knowledgeable she into marriage. They have a few furious contretemps — activity rather than action—and then they get reconciled; and we are given to suppose that now he'll straighten up and fly right.

If that be the author's notion of a happy ending, it may serve as his neck verse in Mrs. Grundy's court; but I fear it's too false to life and human nature to serve a good novel's purpose.

Prices continue to rise, or the dollar to sink. Here is a book at not quite 2¼ cents a page. It seems expensive.

Manuel boyFrank

ONE IN CHICAGO

Is now permanently established. The "Outreach Program" of ONE's Social Service Division has since its February 23, 1963 meeting of the Council of Friends of ONE in Chicago been developing plans for regular ONE activities there. Such meetings are now being regularly held with some extremely interesting work projects already under way. Anyone in the Chicago area who would like to join with the Friends of ONE under the mature and responsible leadership which ONE represents may secure further information by writing: Secretary, Social Service Division, ONE, Incorporated 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

ANNOUNCING THE MIDWINTER INSTITUTE SESSIONS

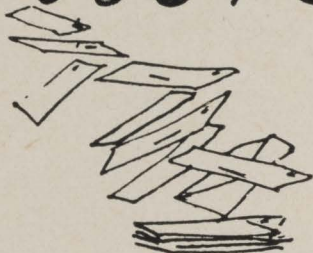
The Education Division of ONE, Incorporated

To be held in Los Angeles January 28-30, 1966. Three days of highest quality speakers, panels, round-tables (and some lighter fare) presented by America's oldest and largest homophile organization. Plan to come to California for this outstanding event—get away from winter for a few days. For further details write,

ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

Telephone: REpublic 5-5252

Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

ON THE LEGAL FRONT

Dear ONE:-

You will be interested to know that the Civil Service Commission put me on the registers for which I had applied, and then two weeks later, on 15 October or thereabouts, suspended me from the registers pending further investigation of my suitability.

December 8 I received a statement of its investigation findings, and have been given 15 days in which to explain or comment. I called ACLU's David Carliner and, in accordance with his suggestion, prepared a very full reply. There will be two administrative appeals from the Commission's Division of Adjudication's decision, and then the case will go back to the courts. That should be before summer—probably April or May. I probably will get the Commission's first decision barring me for another three years late in January, which means the first appeal will be filed to the head of the Bureau of Personnel Investigations early in February.

I based my refusal this time to answer the Commission's question as to whether I have "engaged in homosexual conduct" on arguments previously explained to you. With best wishes . . .

Bruce C. Scott
Chicago, Illinois

Deal ONE:

In LIFE's June, 1964 article, it mentioned several areas in the larger cities where homosexuals are known to gather, but of course did not mention Memphis. Is there such a spot in or near Memphis, known to be a gathering place?

Mr. C.
Memphis, Tennessee

EDITOR'S NOTE: For legal reasons, ONE does not give out to anyone the locations or names of homophile gathering places, much as it might otherwise be inclined to furnish such information. Through its Social Service "Outreach Program," ONE itself is gradually establishing its own extensions in other cities across the country, so that its Social Service and other programs can be made more

widely effective. We indeed hope to be able to reach your area as soon as this becomes possible.

Dear ONE:

The arrival of the last ONE Confidential reminded me of my neglect in expressing my appreciation to you for the 1965 Gay Tour of Europe. Please forgive my delay.

I personally had a marvellous time, and believe this offering of your Social Service Division to be one of the great travel bargains of all time. Seeing the exciting cities of Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Zurich, London and the others was a thrill I'll not soon forget. Then, too, meeting all the wonderful people from the various homophile organizations made the trip especially nice. I enjoyed the fact, however, that the gay aspect of the tour never in any way detracted from our seeing Europe, which was our first consideration. No small credit for the success of the tour belongs to Chuck Thompson, who was an excellent tour leader and always charming and pleasant. We are all indebted to Chuck for his presence, and his vast experience in handling the details of such tours, and we all had a better time for his being there.

I am making plans now to attend the 1966 tour and hopefully renew my acquaintances abroad and some of those from ONE which I made on the last tour. In the meantime, continued best wishes to you, and the hope that your current problems will soon be solved, so you can get on with the important work you are trying to accomplish. Best wishes to all.

Mr. S.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear ONE:-

My subscription to ONE Magazine should be along shortly, and my application for Associate Membership later on, when this hospital I'm in allows me to spend some of my money. I am already spending money for a salesmanship course, and every time I study it I imagine myself selling ONE, Inc. I want to be a promoter of responsible homosexuality, so that I will not repeat the same behavior which caused me to be "put

away" in penitentiaries and hospitals for so many years. You see, I am one of the casualties of homosexual life. Before I even knew what it was all about, that gay life even existed, and that I could be homosexual and still lead an honorable life, I was arrested for sexual offenses with minors, and institutionalized.

When I am free at last, and get the Parole Board's permission, I want to come to Los Angeles, study ONE Institute's courses, learn all I can about ONE, Inc., and take some part in its work. Meanwhile, I hope your Social Service Division can help me to contact some sympathetic counselor in this area, who will act as an unofficial sponsor when I get out, and who will help me to make a stable and proper readjustment to society.

Mr. D.

....., Pennsylvania

THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT

Dear Editors:

Thank you for your kind mention of Florida Mattachine in ONE Magazine. It is struggling hard, as you know, to establish itself as a real force in the community. Richard Inman has a giant task. Organized officialdom opposes MSF in ways which would astound you. Of course, MSF has some very good allies too—such as the A.C.L.U.—but the enclosed article from the Coral Gables Times is an example of the kind of dirty opposition I mean. It was printed, I believe, on Thanksgiving Day—on the front page of the paper. The "police record" referred to is not a criminal record—but rather the record of an automobile accident in which Richard was involved, and two arrests in gay bar raids. The mention of the "record," however, shows you how nasty the papers can be.

MSF is anxious to cooperate in a spirit of friendly assistance with ONE, Inc., and with other homophile organizations who—in good faith—are **primarily** devoted to improving the status of the homosexual. We value close contact with your office. Please do keep in close touch.

Warren D. Adkins
Mattachine Society of Florida
Miami, Florida

Dear Mr. Legg:

Re: your letter from the Board of Directors, I appreciate knowing the most recent developments in the litigation between ONE and the "Cahuenga Group." What an expenditure of money and valuable energy and time has been caused by this dissension, when ONENESS should be the order of the day. I am sending you a small contribution, for I know how desperately it is needed. I wish I lived in your area, so that I might offer my time and services in some of the time-consuming tasks that need performing.

Despite the fact that I have requested three times to have my name removed from

the mailing list of TANGENTS (how appropriately it fits one of the definitions, "an abrupt change of course") I have received their recent MONTHLY REPORT, which I am enclosing herewith, having marked a section of interest to me. I would assume that much of ONE's Library last spring was taken by the dissenting group and remains in their possession, and thus I was delighted to know of your recent acquisition of nearly 300 new volumes. I have a few volumes of my own, mostly non-fiction, which I will mail to your librarian within the next week. Best regards to all.

Mr. S.

Utica, New York

Dear Sir:

As a Friend of ONE, you will find enclosed my membership dues for 1966. May I suggest that—during our present financial difficulties—all possible attention be paid to the quality of our Magazine (even at the expense of other publications and services), as I feel this to be the foundation on which the Corporation stands!

Mr. T.

Montreal, Canada

Dear Sir:

Poor Los Angeles! This past summer saw racial riots. Now there seems to be a rising tide of advocates for a series of rebellious acts which will go down in history as the "Homosexual Riots of Los Angeles."

I'm sure that the most recent rash of harassments and closings of gay bars and arrests will not help the situation. I am afraid that the modern "FAGGOT" is a lot more masculine and disgusted than the "normal," every-day, "straight" person realizes.

Mr. M.

Los Angeles, California

TAKE CARE, YOU SQUARES

Dear Mr. Menken:

Regarding your recent comments published in ONE (As For Me, Nov. '65), perhaps homosexuals should be grateful that you are casting a few crumbs our way, especially considering your willing admission of the courage it takes to do so. You certainly can afford to be brave—protected by such a formidable barrier of smugness and condescension.

In order to set the various issues in a better perspective, perhaps it should first be noted that one of the frequent and historic characteristics of heterosexuals is (to paraphrase your language) that **they** are driven by an overwhelming, compulsive hunger for sex with their opposite gender. This force is so powerful that it might be compared with that which causes a stranded traveller in the desert to seek water. They seek each other out in dimly lighted cocktail lounges, in parks, on streets, in hotel lobbies, in houses of

prostitution—in fact anywhere that a prospect seems at all likely. No diatribe by the Church, no laws against fornication, adultery, transmission of venereal infections, abortion, or child-neglect are powerful enough to swerve these unfortunates from their objectives. (Verify this with your lawyer, or the nearest prophylactic station or adoption center.) As you yourself noted—but as an afterthought, unfortunately—heterosexuals are not paragons of virtue.

The bare fact is that cultural productivity simply has no demonstrable relation to sexual preference or performance. Your own name-dropping simply indicates some kind of wish to fasten feet of clay (possibly your own?) onto certain immortals of art, literature, leadership, and science (whom neither you nor I are ever likely to equal, and whose sexual tastes no one really cares about anyway). Conversely, the same kind of name-dropping by homosexuals (presumptively, you are not) usually indicates some kind of wish that homosexuality could automatically carry with it the capabilities, and the cultural and historical distinctions of genius (regrettably, it does not).

In defense of heterosexuality, it must be remarked that, percentagewise, there are probably no more mediocre heterosexuals than homosexuals, probably no more criminals, and certainly as many worthy and/or gifted persons. Yet it must also be noted that homosexuals, good and bad, together with the heterosexual thieves, murderers, tyrants, and other assorted scoundrels who regularly plague society, necessarily make their appearance in consequence of heterosexual activities.

On one point you are absolutely correct—homosexuals are **HERE!** And, it might logically be asked, what socially-competent, culturally-productive homosexual (there are many) needs or wants your pity? If you are a male, what self-respecting male homosexual could love you under the humiliating conditions of your regard—however tolerant he may be of your views? Or what lesbian, self-respecting or not, would give a tinker's damn for your "glorious manhood?"

The complacent, sentimental hogwash you sent in to ONE is obviously well-meant, and the product of a kind heart—for which God bless you. But, buddyboy, take it from at least one kindhearted homosexual—your head needs a good soaking!

Mr. G.
Los Angeles, California

IS X THE ANSWER?

Dear ONE:

A recent press release will interest you, I am sure, saying that the factor responsible for male homosexual behavior is passed on through the X-chromosome from mothers to sons. This view, held on the basis of extensive investigations into human genetics by Dr. Willhart S. Schlegel, Director of the Institute for Basic Biology and Human Behavior in Hamburg, was presented at the Freiburg Congress of the German Society for Anthropology, meeting with the Society for Constitutional Investigation.

Hence male individuals—in contrast to females, who always have two X-chromosomes—as a rule have only one X-chromosome, always received from the mother, which is thus the mother's X-chromosome, and determinant of the sex character. It is the deciding factor in male sex behavior. The long-held psychological theory that characteristically effeminate sons acquire their essential behavior patterns from a dominating mother is undermined through this finding.

Not the environmental influence from the mother, but that of the inherited X-chromosome from the mother, is responsible for what is so often called a learned response. The well-known cultural-anthropological theory of Margaret Mead thus becomes very doubtful in consideration of the X-chromosome inheritance with its perplexing signs and characteristics. The results of Dr. Schlegel's investigations were noted by the participants in the Congress as a scientific sensation of the first rank.

Jack Argo
Hamburg, Germany

ANOTHER SORT OF EX

Dear ONE:

In a recent issue, I read of Charles Tobin's comments re: the Catholic Church's point of view in obstructing homosexual law reform in New York State.

In my opinion, any church that claims to be promulgating the teachings of Jesus, while at the same time aiding and abetting the oppression of any of God's children, is far, far from having the right or capacity to pronounce on what is "moral" or "immoral."

I feel such "churches" should be required to **pay taxes** to the government for the common good of the people in society, which would help in a small way to repair the damage they have done.

From an EX-Catholic, for reasons indicated above . . .

Mr. D.
Denver, Colorado

NOTICE: A Los Angeles area church asks—Have you clarified your identity? For information phone 378-1781

ONE, INCORPORATED BOOK SERVICE

2256 Venice Boulevard

Los Angeles, California 90006

The facilities of the Book Service are made available to Friends of ONE (Members) as a convenience to them in ordering books, both old and new. Inquiries from Members are invited. This is neither a commercial sales operation nor a book shop, but is maintained in the interests of Members who may wish to locate titles on homophile themes through ONE. To order, you must be a Member.

FICTION

Sanford Friedman, TOTEMPOLE, an important new novel which handles love between men with literary distinction and dignity. \$5.95

James Herlihy, MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Those who read his STRANGE SLEEP OF BABY FILBERTSON will understand that Herlihy's handling of male homosexuality is both off-beat and entertaining. \$4.95

Roger Vailland, THE TROUT. This European best-seller, now translated, is a typically French contrapuntal exercise in themes of seduction, con-games and lesbianism. \$4.50

Richard Miles, THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK. Again, wickedness in Paris, with The Blond as the boy who can be bought and sold by man or woman. Particularly intriguing for homosexuals who like to think of themselves as dashing bi-sexuals. \$3.95

NON-FICTION

Daniel Cappon, M.D. TOWARD AN UNDERSTANDING OF HOMOSEXUALITY. One more psychiatrist has a go at it; better than most; some interesting insights, heavily tinged in places by ill-concealed religiosity. \$6.95

Irven De Vore, Ed., PRIMATE BEHAVIOR. A masterly and authoritative series of papers on Monkeys & Prosimians; Apes; Comparative studies of their reproductive cycles, social development, and signalling systems. Invaluable to an understanding of why we are as we are. \$10.00

Clinton J. Duffy, SEX & CRIME. By the former warden of San Quentin; the voice of great experience writing of sex in prisons. \$4.50

Noel I. Garde, JONATHAN TO GIDE, a large volume of 300 biographical notices of homosexuals and those believed to be homosexual ranging from Biblical times to post World War I; based largely on Hirschfeld's famous Encyclopedia. Full of interesting tidbits as well as historical inaccuracies, yet about the only thing of its sort in English. \$10.00

Judd Marmor, M.D., Ed., SEXUAL INVERSION. At last an up-to-date sober compilation of the views of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, broadened by anthropological and sociological insights. The first volume to be recommended as a textbook by ONE's Institute of Homophile Studies. \$8.50

LAW & CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS: SEX OFFENSES; excellent set of papers assembled by the School of Law, Duke University. \$2.50

Make all checks and money orders payable to ONE, Incorporated. Residents of California add 4% Sales Tax to their orders.